

*The Historie of*

O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgie me,  
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leifure.

*Hot.* I haue done yfaith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottifh prifoners,  
Delifer them vp, without their ransome ftrait,  
And make the *Douglas* fonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reafons  
Which I fhall fend you written, be affurde  
Will eafely be granted you, my lord.  
Your fonne in *Scotland* being thus employed,  
Shall fecretly into the bofome creepe  
Of that fame noble Prelate welbelu'd,  
The Archbifhop.

*Hot-spurre* Of *Yorke*, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at *Bristow* the lord *Scroope*:  
I fpeake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,  
And onely ftayes but to behold the face  
Of that occafion that fhall bring it on.

*Hot-spurre* I fmell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

*Nor.* Before the game is afoot, thou ftill left ftip.

*Hot-spurre* Why it cannot choofe but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,  
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

*Wor.* And fo they fhall.

*Hot-spurre* In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

*Wor.* And tis no little reafon bids vs fpeede,  
To fave our heads, by raifing of a head:  
For, beare our felues as euen as we can,  
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our felues vnfatisfide,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And fee already, how he doth beginne  
To make vs ftrangers to his lookes of loue.

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* He does, he does, wee be reueng'd on him.

*Wor.* Coofish, farewell. No further go in this,  
Then I by letters fhall direct your courfe  
When time is ripe, which will be fuddenly:  
He fhall to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,  
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,  
As I will fhallion it, fhall happily meete,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne ftrong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

*Nor.* Farewell good brother, we fhall thrive, I truſt.

*Hot.* Vncle adieu: O let the houres be fhort,  
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our fpoile.

*Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.*

*1 Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day, I leaſe  
Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet ouer  
packt. What Oſler.

*Oſ.* Anon, anon.

*1 Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts faddle, put a few fl  
point, poore iade is wring in the withers, out of all cel

*Enter another Carrier.*

*2 Car.* Peafe and beanes are as danke here as a dog  
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this hou  
vpfide downe fince Robin Oſler died.

*1 Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed fince the price of  
it was the death of him.

*2 Car.* I thinke this be the moſt villanous houfe i  
don roade for fleas, I am ſtung like a tench.

*1 Car.* Like a tench? by the maſſe there is nere a  
ſten could be better bit, then I haue bene fince the fuſt

*2 Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordane, an  
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds  
a loach.

*1 Car.* What Oſler, come away, and be hangd, con

*2 Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes  
in the chamber as far as Charing Croſſe.

*1 Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are  
ued: what Oſler? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an  
head? canſt not heare, and t were not as good deepe as